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Just You and I Against the World

Max Steele
Western Michigan University

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Far-Away Blues . . .

Can't see her face no more (too far away)
cept'n when I close my eyes,
can't hear her voice (not any more)
less'n there's a strong south wind,
doin't ev'n think 'bout her now (no blues)
cept'n when I hear a roll'n piano play'n some soft
slow tune,
or hear a cat-bird sing'n like they did down there,
or some'un laughs,
or hear the moan of that eight o five
head'n back to N'orlens—

Then he sat on the steps near the I.C. line,
he sat while the eight o five rolled by,
put his head down in his arms,
like he's trying to fall asleep,
. . . or cry—

. . . E. G. Domine

Just You and I

Against the World . . .

miss x (let us say) and i
sought a shelter in the mist
of dawn's early swamp

as we drove
cars came toward us
their lights piercing night
and watching us
but no one was driving
any of the cars

lights glowed in houses
but no one was there
and everything was as it had been
and now we saw the trick
no one was really there

alone
we were drawn together
and in the endless night of infinity
life rolled back
and back
and now we were the only life left  
and began to feel the great burden  
we drove back through all the years  
and at dawn  
we were standing naked hand in hand  
on a cliff looking over the sea  
watching the sun come up in the west  
life was ours now  
and we felt the weight  
of millions of years and tears  
and crosses and nails  
but somehow as the sun climbed higher  
we knew that we could not fail  
and we turned and looked at eachother  
and there  
pinned to her left breast  
was her sorority pin  
and the clothes came back  
and the people in the cars and houses  
and i laughed through tears  
at what could never be

... Max Steele

At the Convention of Kings . . .

Tom Crum watched how  
the King of Virtue claimed precedence over  
the king of East Bamboo but couldn’t prove it,  
and how the King of Sports tried to be bigger and  
better than the King of Riches but couldn’t quite do it.  
When Tom Crum sneezed,  
the King of Weather, the King of Candy,  
the King of Tomorrow, the King of Tires and  
many others asked, “Of what are you king?”  
When Tom Crum answered, “the king of nothing,”  
they all bowed down and worshiped him.

... Anna Fable